

DANASTAD WINS

DANASTAD WINS

Takes the Big Handicap Easily.

MILE AND A QUARTER IN 2:06.
Lanky Bob and Filigrano
Follow Him.

Thirty Thousand Persons See the Celebrated Turf Event Decided on a Fast Track at Gravesend—Winner Finishes Three Lengths to the Good with Plenty of Backing—Conceded to Be the Best Horse in the Race—Pilgrimage Ran Gamely, but is Beaten for the Place

The great Brooklyn Handicap of \$10,000, which was run over the Brooklyn Jockey Club track at Gravesend yesterday afternoon, was impressively won by W. H. Clark's four-year-old chestnut colt Banastar, by Parandole. "Blondie" id, owned by the late Jockey Club, Maher, Banastar finished third, by a neck, in front of Green B. Morris's four-year-old bay colt Lanky Bob, by Lord Harrington. —Victoria IV., who was an outside favorite in the betting and held the place by a length over the heavily backed favorite, A. H. & D. H. Morris's three-year-old bay colt

Philigrane, by Gairole-Fillette. Bannatier was second choice in the speculation and was a well played that his triumph was popular with a large portion of the great crowd. No three-year-old has ever won this stake, a fact that may be referred to as an excuse for Philigrane's failure to carry off first honors. Experts and students of form were outspoken in saying that the winner was by far the best horse in the race, and that the regular patrons of the turf should not have overlooked him.

The finish was not so close as many persons

expected, but the race as a whole was a grand struggle—well worth seeing and remembering. Ben Holladay, who was second in last year's event, was a disappointment. He got away poorly and finished seventh. With Tarzan up, he was rather solidly backed, but the money was burned before the race was half over. Don de Oro got off absolutely last but managed to land fourth, two lengths behind Filigrane. George Keene spoiled his chances by acting wildly at the post. He led for nearly three-quarters of a mile and then dropped back. Filigrane ran up

expectations and form for half the distance, when Banastar rushed ahead with mighty strides and never was caught. Fully 30,000 persons saw the race, which is the largest crowd on record for the track. The battling was heavy, and the enthusiasm of the spectators was intense.

slam unusual. There was a short delay in the post, chiefly due to the actions of Banast and George Keene, but the start was one of Fitzgerald's best efforts. The track was in perfect shape and very fast. The time made by the winner, 2:00.4, is the best on record for the handicap and for the track.

ALL ROADS LED TO GRAVESEND.

Brooklyn Handicap day has come to be the red-letter event in the East with racegoers

When the warm rays of the sun were felt in the metropolis yesterday morning all roads seemed to Gravesend. Thousands who had not been to the track since last year got ready for an outing and made early starts. Many carried money with them that had been either saved from the fruits of honest toil or had been accumulated in other ways. The regulars who live on the spoils of the racetrack starve were in their element. This was the opportunity to pick and play, win or lose. To them there was no thought of financial loss for they are used to that, but all were possessed of the old-time burning desire to win at the track.

The day promised an immense crowd, which augured well for the bookmakers and the owners of the track. The closing of the club poolrooms was also hailed with satisfaction by those who wanted to see a multitude at the track, for it meant that the army of speculators who seldom see a race would be compelled to visit the scene.

action where money was the king. The outside public were eager for the sport. Bankers, business men, millionaires, doctors, lawyers, and wealthy citizens who love the thrills oughtered poured into Brooklyn early in order to talk and look things over. Clerks, salesmen, employees in various lines of work, men

out of work, louts, pugilists, crooks and other individuals mingled in the throng and chatted about the horses. All other sporting events were temporarily forgotten, so great was the interest in the race.

CONFUSION AT THE BATTERY.

Every known avenue to the track swarmed

with humility between 12 and 2 o'clock. The trolley cars at this end of the bridge were crowded before they got under way, but through Brooklyn there was always room for one more so that by the time they reached a point nearest the tower they were jammed and covered with struggling

enthusiasts. By way of Long Island City and the Brooklyn elevated road the travel was heavy but without mishap or material delay. At the entrance to the Thirty-ninth Street Ferry, at the Battery, however, there was confusion without end. Fully 600 persons lined up there to take the 1:20 o'clock boat. A solitary ticket seller was on duty. He tried to sell both railroad tickets and track badges, but, obviously overworked, he had a colleague to

"Get another ticket seller!" the crowd yelled as the boat came into the slip at 1:15 o'clock.

"Hooray! There's another duck going to sell!" was the cry when a second window was opened. The line of ticket seekers, who stretched far into the street, was split in two.

"Buy ferry tickets here!" a policeman informed the crowd, which was angry clear through, "and when you get off the boat you can buy railroad tickets there!"

The advice was heeded quickly, and the boat was soon crowded. When the landing was made at South Brooklyn the ticket booth was surrounded by another mob.

seller as a man handed him a quarter. A roar that sounded like a chorus from wild beasts followed this announcement, but the trader's hands soon pacified everybody by stating that they would wait.

The train was ten minutes late in starting.